

Contemplating His Excellence

in all the Arts save Dance--
whence heredity dealt him heft--
he gets addressed by urinous rags:

"Fat fool always!" How the Deli's
Culture Gang will sympathize!
though asking him to ditch his "Ides

of March" moment, since
the Train of Commerce

barrels past both Art and Home-
less, a sick grin never sliding
off the mad conductor's face.

He fulfills the daydream just before
his vilely stinking rout, ordering now

Asiago on seeded rye.
Dots of Dijon, then,
connect aesthetic.